

HELL in an Uproar,

Occasioned by A

SCUFFLE

That happened between the

LAWYERS

And the

PHYSICIANS,

FOR

SUPERIORITY.

A SATYR.

LONDON,

Printed for S. Cook, and are to be Sold by most Bookfellers in London and
Westminster. M DCC.

THE HISTORY OF

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S C U F F L E

That happened between the

Physicians and the Lawyers, &c.

IT was when Day had spun her Silver Thread,
And was withdrawn to rest her shining Head
In those dark Caverns where refulgent Light

Is conquer'd by the blackness of the Night;
And ev'ry Mortal which is weary goes
To rest him in the Arms of soft Repose,
That I laid on a downy Bed, till Thought,
By *Morpheus*, was to unthinking brought:
I mean the ever wakeful part, my Soul
From the confinement of the body Stole,
To View those places which could not be Ey'd,
Whilst I was in a carnal Prison ty'd.

Now, like those men whom flashes of false fire,
Delude to ramble through Brakes, Ponds, and Mire,
Thick Woods and Copses, over Hill and Dale,
But leave them when the Day pulls off her Vail
Of darkness, to Guild all the Earth with Light,
Some Miles from home in a perplexed Fright;
I follow'd Fancy wherefoere it went,
To give my Curiosity content,
Over high Mountains, Rivers, Capes, and Bays,
Through Deserts, Wildernesses over Seas,

But having viewed all the Surface side
 Of this vast Globe I was resolv'd to Ride
 Into the Bowels of the Earth, to spy
 What Secrets in her Pregnant Womb did lie,
 There Search'd I Crannies, Mines, each hollow Rock,
 Nature's great Cabinet I did unlock,
 To ramble in the Intrails of the Sea,
 And all the Bounds of Neptune's Sov'raignty.
 There Syrens on soft Beds of Sand were laid,
 And Tritons under Coral-Arbours play'd.
 Most monstrous Fish went rolling through the Waves;
 And Ships lay rotting in those deepless Graves.
 Then rov'd I to a Land which joyns to Hell.

Where as I was informed Death did dwell;
 It's barren, cold, depopulated dark,
 No light I saw but what flew from the Spark
 Of Torches, or the Flames of funeral Piles,
 Still us'd by *Indians* in the Eastern Isles,
 Or from some Lamp which commonly doth Burn
 For many Ages in a hidden Urn
 No Mortal Creature dwelt within his bounds,
 But nasty Worms which made polluted Wounds,
 In stinking Flesh and putrified Blood
 Which there lay Tainting ever since the Flood.
 And in the midst of this most dismal Land
 The Court of Nature's Slaughter Man doth stand,
 Whose Palace is hung inside and without,
 With *Agues*, *Dropsies*, *Chollicks*, *Palsies*, *Gout*,
 In fine with *Cancers*, *Ruptures*, *Ulcer's*, *Pox*,
 And all the Plagues of Curst *Pandora's Box*,
 There on a Throne rais'd on a high ascent
 Of some great King's Sepulchral Monument,

Death, Hell's Purveyor, late in Royal State,
 Grinning at Man's most Miserable Fate,
 Crowned with Wrath, he for his Scepter bore
 An Iron Dart, that Reakt with humane Gore.
 His Robes were made of Linnen Cloth, in which
 The *Romans* Burnt the Bodies of the Rich,
 To send their Souls to Heaven sooner, were
 Dy'd crimson, Lined through with wasting Care,
 Dispairing sorrows Anguish, furr'd with Fears;
 His Crown was Studded with relenting Tears,
 Which Wives for Husbands Shed; Men for their Wives;
 Children for Parents, Maids for Sweethearts lives:
 All those who waited on this King of Dread
 Were *Fairies*, and the *Manes* of the dead,
 And direful *Hobgoblins*, which delight
 To ramble in the Dismal shades of Night.
 In Meadows, Charnel-Houses, and Church-Yards;
 To frighten Pavidmen, these are the Guards
 Which go before the Harbingers of Hell,
 Who on a *Pale-Horse* rides abroad to Kill.

Being Surprized at the Wretched Sight,
 I view'd, on all sides of this Land of Night,
 Between Resolves and Doubts, I could not tell,
 Whether, I'd best come back or go for Hell.
 At length Heart Prompting me to see the Place;
 Swiftnefs was added to my former Pace;
 I reached presently the *Stygian* Strand,
 Where sacred *Hermes* with his opiate Wand,
 Was stepping into *Charon's* Boat, with Souls
 Whose *Mittimus* was to those blazing Goals
 Of *Pluto*; spying me, his List he read,
 To see if I belonged to the Dead.

But finding I was only crept away,
 For Pleasure from Receptacles of Clay.
 His Courtisy bade me step in the Boat,
 And promis'd that he'd see me safely out
 Again on *Earth*; by vertue of his Charms,
 He'd shew me Hell, and keep me from her Charms.
 Thanking the God for his great Favour, I
 Step'd in amongst the rest, and Instantly
 The Oars with thick-fetch'd Strokes conveyed us
 Ashore, where the three-headed *Cerberus*
 Barked with such a Shril resounding Yell,
 That it Alarumed the Watch of Hell;
 Who came to see what Souls were coming in,
 The place were Sinners ever stay for Sin,
 Now being enter'd the Infernal Gates,
 I saw to my Amaze, the Ghastful Fates;
 On Convex mounts of Ice, deep Sulphurous Lakes,
 Where Furies with their Hairs of Hissing Snakes,
 Tortur'd condemned Ghosts with Rods of Fire;
 Plung'd 'em in Surges of Eternal Ire:
 Others in concave Rocks were Chain'd, which Waves
 Of boyling Brimstone dash't against; some Slaves
 Of Terrors Skriekt to see the Gulf, which lies
 Between their Torments and eternal Joys;
 There Conscience flew about in dreadful Shapes
 To Frighten all the Damn'd, for none escapes
 The wrath of God. - - - I roved then through Dens
 Of Horreur, nitrous Gullies, gloomy Fenns;
 There's not a Rock but what was fill'd with fears,
 Sighs, Screeches, Vengeance, Frights, and briny Tears
 Which Scorched Tongues wou'd Lap, but can't; they ly
 On killing Miseries, yet never die;
 I to Amazement saw some Damned broyl

On Flakes of divine Vengeance ; others boyl
In Surges of destructive Pitch and Lead.

The more they Roar'd, the more their Torments bred;
Some tumbling through the deep *Abyss*, but found
No bottom, then to fresher Pains rebound;

Devils for Madness of the overthrow,
Which makes 'em walk on Pavements, which do Glow
Much hotter than consuming *Aetna*, where

Great Pumice-Stones do Scorch the limpid Air ;
And from her burning Bowels, Flames are tost
Till Fields are in the midst of fire Lost.

On some their Fury Wreak, which dire fights
Did fill my Innocence with bitter Frights.

Soaring through gleaming Airs where *Demons* rule,

My progress was prevented at a Pool,

The vast Extent of which did seem to lie

Beyond the Verge of deep Eternity ;

To tell the height the Sulph'rous Waves did rise

It is impossible, the lofty Skies

Shew not so high from Earth, as they did Flounce

On Billows, which so Terrible did bounce

As if the Magazines of Thunder were

At once discharg'd to rend the liquid Air.

No Souls was Tortur'd there, and asking why ,

I was inform'd, the Damned when they Lye,

Felt not the pains they must feel ; that's the place

Where Souls shall suffer Pains in full ; none Trace,

Not *Pluto* King of Hell himself, that way

Of burning Horrors, till the judgment Day,

Upon the Banks of that Eye frightening Shore,

(Where Wrath and Plagues will be encreased more

On Tortur'd Ghosts, which never will consume)

Reside the Regents of eternal Gloom.

Perplex'd as well as those which Humane were,
 In Tortures, Griefs, and Pains which endless are.
 But yet insulting over damned Souls,
 Which flumble (more the pity) there in Shoals.

Returning on the wings of winged Speed,
 From those Apartments which makes conscience Bleed
 To lightfom Earth there happened to be
 An Uproar in these plains of Misery,
 So very terrible and great, that all
 The fallen Angels fear'd a second Fall.
 I espy'd by the signs that flew about,
 Physicians and the Lawyers had fell out,
 For in the Scuffle 'tween the doating Sots
 There flew glass Bottles, Urinals, and Pots,
 Black Velvet Coats, and Beasts-Skins stuf't with Hay,
 Happy the Soul that's farthest from the Fray,
 Here Tipt-Staves knockt down some, there Maces beat
 Teeth down their Throats, in this great feud and heat,
 The Purfes fly as thick as Hail, Caps, Gowns,
 Coifs, Writs of Errour, there a Lawyer frowns
 And throws about Indentures, [Leases, old
 Worm-eaten Statute-Books, but *Pluto* told
 Of the Rencontre, sends his Guards to quell
 Those common Barretters of Peace, and Hell,
 And issu'd out *Ne exeat Regno* Writs
 That strangers should not leave those Sulphurous Pits,
 Till the ringleaders of this hellish Rout
 Were to a publick Court of Justice brought,
 And try'd for the offence : so, fore'd to stay,
 I heard the Tryale're I came away.

The Court now set, and *Pluto* likewise there,

The

The *Doctors* and the *Lawyers* did appear :
 But *Pluto*, in whose Eyes appeared Ire,
 And sparkled nothing but Revenge and Fire,
 Enraged from his Flaming seat arose
 And through his Brazen Lungs his Fury blows,
 In such like words as these, ye *Reprobates*,
 How durst you make these Jars within my Gates;
 Do ye terrestrial *Villians* strive to shake
 My Kingdoms with *Rebellion* ? think to make
 A Conquest over me, who dare engage
 A second War with Heaven ? in my rage
 If I yon Christical Arch could penetrate
 Once more should with my Forces tempt my Fate,
 With Angels Blood that Milky causey Stain,
 And strive to Atomize the World again.
 How now can you weak Beings with me cope,
 On things impossible you've fixed hope,
 But for the bold Attempt in glowing Chains
 Ye shall be ty'd to Rocks of endless pains.
 This said, the three Internal Judges spoke
 To the exasperated King of Smoke,
 Telling him that no Treason in the least
 Against him was design'd, but at a Feast
 Some *Doctors*, and some *Lawyers* fell to blows,
 And made a noise concerning which of those
 Professions ought by Cheating most to take
 The upper-hand, Sir, in this Sulph'rous Lake,
 As we're Inform'd. Is't so, quoth *Pluto*, I
 Am satisfy'd, do you the matter try
 Between them. Then stern *Minos*, who was feed,
 Bade first the *Lawyers* in their Case proceed,
 Commanding that they open one by one
 The Knavish Tricks, when Mortal, they had done.

Then at the Bar, T----- first did tell,
 (Who had an ancient standard been in Hell)
 That in his time, the Laws, to any Sense,
 He Wrested, did allow Kings could dispence
 With any Subject's Rights as they thought fit ;
 To Articles of Treason did I set
 My Hand, and other Matters out of measure,
 To Murder Nobles at my Master's pleasure ;
 For all Injustice I was so devout,
 That one at *Tyburn* for it cut my Throat.

The next spoke P--n, who op'nly told the Court,
 Of Perjury and Lies I make a Sport :
 Nay, for my part, against all Law and Reason,
 I have upheld and vindicated Treason ;
 For Crimes which did my haughty Humour puff,
 I lost my Ears, and wore a wooden Ruff.

Next B-----, with a *Stenter's* Voice, prepar'd
 To speak, and thus his Sentiments declar'd,
 The *Law*, by all the World, is known to be
 Corrupted by the *Lawyer's* Knavery ;
 So passing o'er their Quibbles, Cheats, and Quirks,
 I shall proceed to tell a Work of Works,
 Which I have done, a Work that equals all
 The Crimes almost which made the Angels Fall ;
 I judg'd my lawful King, and doomed Fate,
 To stop his Breath before his *Palace-gate*,
 What nobler Sacrifice than that could be,
 A precedent for future Villany ?
 And for this Deed I think we *Serjeants* may,
 From *Urine-shakers*, bear the Bell away.

Then thus spake S-----, Grave Sirs, I must confess,
 I trac'd, like other Judges, Wickedness ;

Bribes I ador'd, to rich Men lent my Ear ;
 Th' Oppressed, Poor Man's Cause would never hear ;
 For any Criminal whose Purse was large,
Juries I gave a favourable Charge
 For that which *Lawyers* with ill Conscience rake,
 A very tender, good Report I'd make.
 Before Death-warrants by the King were Sign'd,
 For such whose Villany was not behind-
 Hand with the greatest Criminals, and most
 Deserv'd to Die, but Crimes in Gold are lost.
 A matter that depends between the King,
 Himself, and Subject for an Offering
 Of *Achan's* Pelf ; against all Right should run
 In favour of the Subject, this I've done.
 Witness ye *Lawyers* a great *Doctor's* Case
 Whose Guinnies sav'd his Life, he's in this place :
 Sirs, there he stands, he can't deny't ; but I
 Was forc'd to scamper for my Knavery.
 I think no Men on Earth live more Prophane
 Than Students in the *Law*, in Vice they Reign ;
 They Drink and Whore all Night, i'th Morning rise
 To Couzen, Swear, and tell a Thousand Lies :
 As long as Clients can feed us with Gold,
 Their Cause till Dooms-day we can make it hold ;
 But for the Poor Man's Cause, we let that fall,
 In Law the weakest goeth to the Wall :
 Of Folks they take more Fees than is their due,
 Take Fees of *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* too.
 To see how fast the *Lawyers* damn their Souls
 At the *Exchequer*, *Common Pleas*, and *Rolls*,
 The *King's-bench-bar*, *Guild-hall*, I Vow and Swear
 Ye'd think this place was represented there,
 Having got Clients, Land and Money too,
In forma pauperis they're forc'd to sue ;

And then poor Rats we mind their Cause no more
 Than damning Bully does his nasty Whore,
 Who cann't with Money oft'ner him supply,
 To lose at the Groom Porter's presently.
 Go in a Term-time to *Westminster-Hall*,
 Ye'd see the place with Lies condensed, all
 Those ancient Courts methinks of Brimstone smell,
 That, not *Vesuvius*, is the mouth of Hell.
 If ye should hear what all the *Chancellors*,
Attorneys, *Judges*, *Clerks*, *Sollicitors*,
 And *Barristers*, which are in Hell could say,
 In reference to Cheating most, ye may
 Sit long enough, the list of all their Names
 Doth reach from Heaven to these blueish Flames.

Next J----- spoke in Wrath, I could espy
 Rage in his Cheeks, and Fury in his Eye,
 He vented thus his Gall ; *Gut-cleansers* think
 That we shall under them in Cheating sink ?
 If stinking *Physick* is preferr'd before
 The *Law*, I never shall love Cheating more :
 I'm sure on Earth I've done enough to make
 The *Devil* love a *Lawyer* for my sake.
 When but a *Barrister* I got such Fame
 That *Brawling* was prefixed to my Name,
 As that great *Epethite Superbus* was
 Always to *Tarquin's*. O what mischiefs has
 Been hatched in me whilst I wore the Coif,
 And after I was furr'd, I mad such strife
 Between the King and Citizens, till they
 Had through my means their *Charter* took away,
 The *Laws* are good, but be too much abus'd,
 Because by *Knaves* they are so much misus'd :

Some

Some Jack-a-both-sides play, and always might,
By Bribes and Favour overcometh Right.

When Death snatcht *Charles* from us, but left us *James*
To Reign, all Glory be to both their Names!

I plagued *Oats* with Whips and Pillory,
For keeping *Albion* from *Anarchy*;

I made him curse the time he'd ever been
At *Salamanca* or a *Papist* seen.

My bloody Temper could not be at rest,
Till I had near three hundred in the West
Of *England* caused to be Gibbeted

For standing by a Peer who lost his Head.

And when I came to have the *Mace* and *Purse*,
Instead of growing better I grew worse.

But when a *Belgick* Prince to *England* came,

(Who much prohibits Fuel from this Flame,

By his suppressing Vice) I was confin'd

A Pris'ner, where it buzzed in my mind,

That if an *Ax* and *Block* was not my Fate,

For *Tyburn* I must look to be a Bait;

So fearing what I'd done for *Hell* was vain,

I took a Dose to damn my self again;

Thus doubly Damn'd, I hope they don't expect

The *Devil* will advancing such neglect;

Pulse-feelers, here's a shuffling sorry Crew

Of *Hackney-writers*, who can baffle you,

If worser than ye are; they owe as much,

For Lodging, Ale, and Diet, as the *Dutch*

Are since the last Engagement in Arrears

To *Englishmen* for Fishing in their Seas;

The Sheets they've Stole from Lodgings are enough

To make for ev'ry damned Wretch a Ruff

If Ruffs were here in fashion. Don't ye know,

Impartial Judges, that we long ago

Were counted bad, for *Christ*, in Scripture said,
 Wo, twice or thrice, to *Lawyers*, for they lade
 Poor Men with Burthens grievous to be born,
 But we would let the heavy Loads alone.

Next *W----*, about to praise the *Lawyer's* Trade,
Æacus interrupted him, and said,
 Enough has been declared of your side ;
 Now let the *Doctors* speak, then we'll decide
 The difference between you presently :
 So *Wakeman* rose, made this Apology ;
 I being by the *Doctors* chus'd to speak
 In their behalves all, Justice I do seek :
 The *Lawyers* swagger, and presume to take
 The upper-hand of us, that always make
 An Int'rest to be great with *Mammon* ; few
 Ador'd him more than we, we hugg'd him too.
 The captious *Lawyers* this and that do say ;
 I'm sure we get our Gold as bad as they.
 Trades-men we pillage till they've nothing left ;
 The Poor, who of all Comfort are bereft,
 We come not nigh ; but for the Gentry, who
 Have Golden Hooks to bait, we Gallop to
 Their Houses fast enough, both Night and Day
 We make a Coach and Horses dance the Hay :
 Through thick and thin we go, through cold and heat,
 To smell their Urine, feel how Pulses beat.
 Those we can Cure, if Money comes apace,
 We keep 'em backwards ; Things that are more base
 We act ; young Heirs that want their Father's Wills,
 Fee us to rid 'em with a Dose of Pills,
 Which we perform. Observe, when Princes Die
 In hugger mugger, there's some Villany

Of their sworn *Doctors* in their Death ; ye know
 That I, when Mortal, for the overthrow
 Of Three fine Kingdoms, hired was to chace
 A Monarch's Ghost by Poyson to a place
 Where Myriads should have follow'd him, to tell
 What Miseries they'd suffer'd since he fell :
 But this I own, had it not been for S——s,
 I had been Limb-meal'd by the *Sheriffs* Dogs.
Doctors, as well as *Lawyers*, dare Rebell
 Against their King ; but to be short, pray tell
 Which Crime most Honour to Profession brings,
 Ruining Subjects, or the Poysoning Kings ?

This said, old *Radamant*, who lookt as Grave
 As Stoicks, who at no Misfortune Rave,
 Declared his Opinion thus, I must
 Own that *Physicians* are not much in trust
 With *Hell* for any sort of Sin, alas !
 They have enough to purchase half this Mass
 Of blazing Lands, if they were to be sold,
Doctors will always hazard Souls for Gold.
 But now to give the *Lawyers* their full weight,
 Of Praise, for Knavery they win the Plate
 From our Favour, we cannot disband
 A *Lawyer* ; lucre, fee doth make 'em stand
 With open Mouths, to catch the yellow Ore
 Which these hot Flames from Golden Mines do pour ;
 When time shall come that Earth forgets her Weight,
 The Sea its Currents, and the Spheres their Height,
 And tumble into this Infernal Pit,
 Large Guineas they will swallow at a Bit :
 You Sin enough, but t'others ten times more ;
 To *Hell* they're very little in the Score ;

The *Templars*, *Lincolns-Inn*, and *Grays-Inn* Sparks
 Are very fit to make the *Devil* Clerks ;
 Wherefore they must take place of you, and be
 The next to *Jesuits* for Villany.

This said, the nitrous Judges broke up Court,
 And *Lawyers* gave for Joy so great a Shout
 That the Abyss that's bottomless did shake ;
 And Ghosts in Fire chain'd call'd from a Lake
 Adjoyning, where the Court was kept, to know
 The meaning of that sudden Voice below.
 Now Orders were that wand'ring Ghosts which came
 To view the Mansions of Eternal Flame,
 Must all depart the Kingdom presently ;
 Which made me glad, and so with *Mercury*
 I came through *Tophet*, and the Land of *Death*,
 On Earth, and gave the Flesh its living Breath ;
 And glad I was that I was got so well
 From *Lawyers*, *Doctors*, and the bounds of *Hell*.

F I N I S.

